

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1873.

Vol. LII.

THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 210 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

TERMS: \$3.00 a Year in Advance.

No. 40.

THE RECOMPENSE OF LOSS.

In the twilight, still and dim,
When the work-day week is past,
Like a holy vapor hymn,
Comes a dream of those at last.
Mem'ries that thro' week-days past
Have been banished from my life,
Till I thought them dead, at last
Bring again their pain and strife.
Sorrow—yet a sorrow sweet!
Pain, but not a pain I love!
Shadows that with sunshine meet—
Clouds, but coming from above!
Truly, love is never lost!
Though it sometimes seems to be
Borne away by waves that toss
Hope from us so ruthlessly.
No, my darling, thoughts of thee
By the twilight angels borne,
Bring a holy joy to me,
And I cannot wholly mourn.
Can you know, oh, dear last love,
All the holy peace which came
Pure as God's smile from above—
At the mention of your name?
Peace, which in a moment gave
Hail the joy heaven to me!
That the shadow, silent grave,
Could not take, in taking thee!
For I know that through the night
Wrapping in the other shore,
Shall thy love, a beacon light,
Shine for me forever more!
W. W. HUTCHINSON.

St. Leger's Love; OR, THE SIEGE OF STANWIX. A Romance of the Revolution.

BY BURE THORNBURY.

AUTHOR OF "BAYNEWOOD," "KALE," "THE SCOUT," "AUGUST AYER," &c.

Little Gerlie looked on at first in childish amazement; and then, seeing her mother affected as she had never seen her before, she burst into tears herself, crying in sudden terror—"Mamma, mamma!"
The mother caught her in her arms, yielding her only to the embrace of Edith.
"Poor, ignorant child!" exclaimed the former. "Little does she know the nature of the peril that threatens us!"
"What if Edith—what if Edith?" said Mrs. Livingston, faltered Edith.
"What if she knew, would you ask?" said Mrs. Livingston, sternly. "Since she could not aid us, let her do her duty to her country without a hindering thought of me. But I would have him know your danger, dear Edith—it is less imminent than mine, I conceive—for the knowledge might nerve his arm to strike more bravely for the right."
"He needs not such sad incentive," she said, aloud. "Dear Lionel, she then murmured tremblingly to herself. "It may be that your dear form is already stiff in death. You have shared the perils of battle to day—perhaps have not escaped them. Oh, liberty! how many are the woes with which thou art bought! How precious shouldst thou be! won with the tears of women and the blood of men!"
Colonel Dayton at this moment returned, knocked at the door and asked if he could be admitted.
"Certainly, colonel," responded Mrs. Livingston, in a tone of welcome, then turning to Edith quickly, and whispering:
"I will tell him all; I will distress him, but he must know." The old officer came in with a brighter look on his face than he had departed with.
"You bring us good news," said Mrs. Livingston, "see it in your countenance. Our friends have withdrawn; after what success?"
"Glorious!" he replied, enthusiastically, but not in a tone loud enough to reach the ear of the guard outside. "They took many prisoners, killed many of the enemy, captured tools and baggage, and destroyed a portion of the beleaguers' works. If Herkimer is as successful to-day, the fort will hold out for a long time yet."
"Is there any news from Herkimer that you have heard?" asked Edith, in pining eagerness.
The colonel well understood her anxiety.
"None as yet—some that I have learned at least. I only heard some of the officers say that a portion of their force had been sent against him."
They expressed to each other their hopes of victory, and exchanged congratulations upon the success of the sortie. Then Mrs. Livingston said:
"I have a startling communication to make to you, colonel. You must hear it, though it only adds to your present kind concern for us."
With this introductory, she informed him of her meeting with St. Leger, and her recognition of him as one she had formerly known under a different name.

CHAPTER XI.

We return to the field of Oriskany—only, however, to follow more particularly the fortunes of our hero. Herkimer, mortally wounded, was borne from the ground on a litter, to die shortly afterward in his home on the Mohawk. His men, though they fought so heroically, and inflicted great loss upon their foes, suffered in the sorest sense a defeat, since the object of the expedition—the relief of Stanwix—was not attained.
Lieutenant Livingston, helpless in the hands of his captives—now joined by some of his fellow-warriors—was hurried through the forest toward the camp of St. Leger. They appeared to be somewhat apart from the main body of the enemy, and apprehensive of an attack, for parties of the defeated remnants of Herkimer's force might be crossed in their flight toward the fort.



"GAL!" HE CRIED, WARMINGLY, "YOU HAD BETTER LISTEN; I AM NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH LONGER."

"Faster, faster; pale face go faster," urged the warrior who kept near the prisoner. "Red Eagle use knife."
This threat hastened but little the footsteps of Lionel, who, with his arms bound as they were, stumbled frequently, and even fell as he endeavored to proceed with the speed his captives desired.

They soon entered a belt of thickets that spread across their path. The savages paused briefly to listen and reconnoiter, and then, as if reflecting that they were the victors and not the vanquished, and so had less reason to fear, pushed boldly on.
"Down, youngster, down!" suddenly cried a loud voice.
Lionel dropped to the earth in an instant; and at the same moment the sharp crack of a dozen rifles, simultaneously fired, rang out, their blazing muzzles pointed over his prostrate form. Red Eagle and two of his comrades fell dead. The others rushed yelling and howling away.

"It is Lieutenant Livingston!" exclaimed a voice that our hero recognized, as his bonds were cut. "We've done you a service, sir."
"You have indeed, Dyke Koppinall," returned the young man, gratefully, as he sprang to his feet, turning to the famous scout of that name whose voice he had known before he saw his face. "And now let us away. You have heard of Herkimer's defeat?"
"Then our men are beaten?"
"Yes," answered Lionel, sorrowfully. "You were not in the fight."
"No; we are from the fort. Ganssvoort sent us out to learn the news."

"You will have a sad report to make, unless it is known already. We were ambushed."
"Ambushed!" ejaculated the amazed scout. "That should not have happened."
"I know it," answered Lionel, sadly and almost shamefully. "You and such as you were not along, Dyke, or it never would have been. That is it—but you will hear the whole sad story soon enough."

The party had commenced their retreat immediately upon liberating the lieutenant, and these words had been exchanged in low tones, and not with the directness detailed, as they went along.
"You are from the fort, Dyke," said the young man soon, speaking with the painful eagerness of one who dreads the answer.
"It is true—the settlement above must be burned or occupied by the enemy; it is my mother—"

A glance at the bronzed but paling face of the ranger quickened his worst fears.
"Is my mother there—my sister?" gasped the young soldier.
"I am afraid not, lieutenant," was the faltering answer of the scout, seeing the emotion of his comrade.

"Oh, God! And have they perished or fallen into the enemy's hands? And Edith! Dyke, you know Miss Seymour; is she there?"
The distressed look of the borderer was sufficient answer.

"God help them!" groaned Lionel.
The pitying countenance of Dyke Koppinall showed he deeply sympathized with the young officer in the accumulated grief the intelligence imparted had brought to him.

"Dead or captives—captives in the hands of merciless foes," thought Lionel, almost stupefied with his misery. Then, addressing the scout, he said:
"Dyke, you have a sister."

A look of agony, followed by a vengeful flash of the eye, came into the man's rough but striking face at the words.
"No—no," he said, hastily and bitterly. "Has she—"

"Yes—yes; I know what you would ask. She is dead. The cursed torments murdered her—not in cold blood, it is true; but I charge her death to them—to the blood-thirsty Greens. Curse 'em!"
The expression of the ranger's countenance was terrible. Suddenly softening his aspect, as if the memory of the lost one overcame for the moment every thought but that of love, he continued: "Yes,

Fanny is gone. I remember how it died, (and again his eyes flashed,) but I must think of the living, too. I will help you, lieutenant, if we can arrange it when we reach the fort. Don't despond. I'm nigh sure your mother and sister—and Miss Edith (I know what she is to you) are alive. They were taken at the Hall—Wouter Van Cleeve left them there; and though a stubborn fight followed his leaving—I'll explain that in time—I don't think there's reason to give up entirely."

Dyke did not mention the fact of Edith's sickness, for he thought the poor fellow had enough put on him so suddenly without that.

Lionel felt somewhat comforted by the views of his rough friend—but most by the promise of assistance that had been given. He knew that Dyke Koppinall was one of the most daring and successful scouts of the Valley, and if any one could penetrate the hostile camp and effect the rescue of a prisoner, it was he.

"And now a word or two more about old Herkimer," spoke the ranger. "Was there a militiaman left of the whole lot?"
"Oh, yes. In fact, Dyke, I think the day would have been won, taken at a disadvantage as we were."

"That was your own fault; you deserved to be beat."

"Wait till you know all, Dyke. As I was about to say, I think we should have whipped—for our men fought nobly after the first panic—but so many fell that there were but few left to win. A victory is worth nothing unless some are left to claim it and use it."

"That's true enough. And if a body of men on their way to reinforce a hard-pressed fort suffer themselves to be massacred, they do precious little to help the garrison."

The scout spoke with bitterness. His sense and contempt for men who permitted themselves to fall into an ambush were immeasurable.

As Dyke Koppinall may continue an actor in these pages, and as he is in himself a character worthy of note, we will at this point present him more fully to the reader. He was a tall, well-formed man, with no superfluous flesh on his bones, active, daring and enduring. His face, bronzed and earnest, was lighted by a pair of powerful gray eyes, whose glance never quailed or fell.

A firm, well-shaped mouth, with lips often compressed, but which could relax into the kindest smile; a nose slightly aquiline; and a chin roughly rounded, were features of former dignity, were features of less prominent; for what drew the beholder's attention were those strong, searching, magnetic eyes. No one, not even his superiors in rank, ever dared to offer Dyke Koppinall slight or insult, for there was that in the very aspect of the man that proclaimed him one to be respected, humble as was his station. At the same time, he was never wanting in respect to others, though his occasional bluntness bordered on rudeness.

His age was apparently near fifty. Though, as his name implied, of Dutch descent, there was little in his speech and less in his appearance to indicate that nationality. His dress was of a nondescript character, though it showed the hunter's and ranger's fondness for fringe and trimming. A broad, leather belt, well-worn and greasy, encircled his blouse, and on his head was a cap of rather fanciful design for so stern a face as showed beneath it.

"We were counting strong on aid from Herkimer," remarked the scout, as the party hastened along; "and now since he's beaten, I'm afraid there's a poor chance for Stanwix. But we're going to make a stubborn fight, lieutenant—a stubborn fight, as St. Leger and his bloody crew will find out."

"And a successful one, I trust," rejoined Lionel. "And if he should be driven off, Dyke, carrying—carrying his prisoners with him—the young soldier's voice faltered painfully—"I know you will be one to follow him with me—to Montreal if necessary."

"Yes, I promise you that," responded the ranger, heartily, knowing all that his young friend meant and feared. "And I can get two or three others as good as—"

"As good as yourself, Dyke?" interrupted Lionel, with a half smile. "Hardly that, my friend, for they're hard to find. But I know you will be glad to serve my mother and Miss Seymour."

"They're already served one—Lord bless 'em! and Dyke Koppinall is not one to forget his friends."

"I did not intend to remind you of any obligation to either, Dyke."

"No—no," said the gallant fellow, hotly. "But look lively, lieutenant; there may be danger close. Who goes yonder?"

The scout, suddenly sinking to the denser concealment of a thicket they had just reached, peered sharply out to discover who the individuals were whose approach his quick ear had detected, though they were not yet visible.

"Some of our own men—fugitives, I think," said Lieut. Livingston.
"You're right, sir; and badly frightened I should judge by their manner of retreat. That's the way they all marched into that ambush, I suppose," remarked Koppinall contemptuously. "Well, I hope they'll reach the fort. He! and yonder comes another party! We'll join 'em, lieutenant, if you please, and see the poor fellows in. There may be obstacles to overcome—such as St. Leger's lines to break through—and it may require close crowding to pass."

Without adding anything to the panic of the wearied fugitives from Oriskany, Dyke and his men managed to inform them of the presence of friends. Guided by the ranger, the fort was approached from a quarter that was least under the observation of the enemy, and after some delay and difficulty, all found themselves inside.

Already the news of Herkimer's defeat was known.

The dreadful tidings threw a gloom over the defenders of the fort, notwithstanding the success of the late sortie. But Ganssvoort remained undisturbed. St. Leger availed himself of the immediate terror produced by Herkimer's disasters to demand the surrender of the fort.

He employed every art of intimidation to increase the impression caused by the violence and cruelty of his savage allies, and represented himself as unable to restrain them, if the defense should be continued longer.

The truth was, that the British commander himself was alarmed, not only for the reputation of his arms, but for the fidelity of the Indians. They had behaved with such ferocity and insubordination in the recent combats, that he feared the worst consequences to his own men, in case the promised victories, by which he had lured the Six Nations to his standard, were not quickly won. Even in the event of the most complete success, he was apprehensive of excessive danger to himself as well as to his opponents.

To St. Leger's second summons to give up the fort, Colonel Ganssvoort replied as briefly and emphatically as before: "There was nothing left the former but to continue the regular work of reduction. Accordingly the siege was renewed with all the vigor that could be infused into his men."

But amid the cares of his position; with all the thronging responsibilities of commander-in-chief upon him; with ultimate triumph yet a matter of grave doubt, the English colonel had other thoughts—he had not for one moment forgotten that he held as a prisoner one whom in distant days he had loved, but who in vain. Like a volcano that has slumbered for ages, until grass has greened its sides, and the traces of former eruptions have been hidden, was the heart of St. Leger before that brief, English colonel had other thoughts—he had not for one moment forgotten that he held as a prisoner one whom in distant days he had loved, but who in vain. Like a volcano that has slumbered for ages, until grass has greened its sides, and the traces of former eruptions have been hidden, was the heart of St. Leger before that brief, English colonel had other thoughts—he had not for one moment forgotten that he held as a prisoner one whom in distant days he had loved, but who in vain. 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Like a volcano

UP IN THE TREES.

Would we were there in the woods together—
Two little birds in the midsummer weather!
Out of the winter, away from sorrow,
With—oh, it is—oh, it is—oh, it is—oh, it is—
In the trees, where branches are swinging,
They sit in the soft sun, singing, singing,
A song in which youth and passion are blended—
That is always beginning, and never ending!

Look at them there now, sitting, sitting,
Where oaks are towering, and hails are falling:
Gone is the winter, the other is sleeping,
While the lady moon through leaves is peep-
ing—
And now look at us, whose years are dashed,
We have missed the month, we have been too much
—
World we were there in the woods together,
Two happy birds in the midsummer weather!

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK,"
"VIOLET; OR, THE WARDEN OF KINGS-
WOOD CHASE," "MARK JARRETT'S
DAINTY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ON BOARD THE GLADSTONIAN.

The morning which Lollie had marked in her calendar as the one which was to be the happiest of her life, broke fresh and clear, and with a cloudless sky of brilliant blue. It had rained heavily the night before—a close, heavy, murky, steady downpour—and there was much consternation in the minds of fifty-nine at least out of the sixty young ladies, respecting the probability of a fine day on the morrow. Certainly, if prayers were that night offered up by any of the damsels for the executioner's fulfillment of a desirable event in the future, they were for "a fine day to-morrow." If so, they were heard.

But the streets were muddy, and Lollie remarked that she had no intention of proceeding to the steamboat pier on foot, so that when she had reached the pier, she should be "dragged" to the boat. Consequently, she hailed a crawling cabman, and in a few minutes, with her smiling eyes, her pretty, laughing face, and cooing tongue, she persuaded him to "run Lydia and herself down" close to the place for embarkation for "next to nothing," which meant that she was to be conveyed to the boat by a very young man, and that she was to be conveyed to her destination for a trifle over the legal fare.

Lollie was somewhat surprised to discover, on reaching the landing-stage, that Lydia was by no means so helpless as she had imagined, for, quickly and easily, and quite as she took the place of an elderly thing, she pointed out the place where the Gladstonian was lying, with a brilliant flag flying at its masthead, and actually piloted the way to go on board in such a practical, self-possessed kind of way, that if there was any playing child at all, Lollie was the baby. Indeed, she actually found herself on the deck of the grand vessel before her mind was clear of the perplexity of gangways and vessels which had to be crossed. Yes, here they were, and on the right bank, too, for there were groups of young girls congregated to see the ship, and the steamship glided gently and volubly, looking all merrily and ribbon streamers—so varied in color, as to put a rainbow quite in the shade.

It seemed, too, that the whole number had assembled, for the steamer looked nearly full. A bell was rung, and the steamship, coming from the safety valve, was roaring and blowing "As if" Lollie remarked, "they had a great kettle on the fire below, ready for tea for the sixty, and it was boiling away like mad."

And they were all on board too, for, as if Lollie and Lydia's appearance had been a signal waited for, a red-faced, broad-shouldered man in a naval officer's uniform, which looked as if it had been doing duty in wet weather on board a steam collier, stepped leisurely up the steps leading to the wooden bridge which crossed the river, glanced pleasantly at Lollie, and gave a kind of grunt, which she mistook for one of approbation; but a soldier boy, whose features could hardly be deciphered for soot and grime, who was staring at him as if afraid that he was about to take a header into the Thames, construed it into an observation to him, and he instantly shrieked out—

"Stan' by!"

At the same moment there arose a vibration in the air that kind of wonderful sound which is to be heard in a burlesque, when a very young lady appears, and the steamship's sweet voice came out in a tone which the heroine hero of the piece addresses to them; particularly if they are supposed to be in rebellion against the constituted authorities. It was a cheer with which the young ladies of the workroom welcomed the arrival of their young queen and her pretty satellite, Lollie.

There was a sudden rush to them, and unquestionably sincere congratulations were offered to Lydia, the feeling being general that, if she had not joined them, there would have been, vulgarly speaking, a wet blanket stretched over the whole party. Her arrival seemed in one respect at least, to complete and perfect arrangements, although there was still a portion of the programme which was blank, and promised to be very blank indeed to the larger portion of the party—not excepting Lydia.

After the clattering hubbub had died away, and their giggle and chatter, still saying and giggling to the sides of the steamer, to look at the wonders of the panorama they were passing, and which almost looked as if it had been got up for their especial enjoyment, Miss Camoy, followed at a discreet distance by Mr. Fissell, approached Lydia, and addressed her.

Not, however, until she had taken stock of everything Lydia was outwardly—her dress, her mantle, her bonnet—the style in which she wore her hair, her gloves, which were the very best Paris kid, and fitted faultlessly, and all those little tasteful adornments which go to make up an exquisite toilet, so pleasurable to see, and which are so much supplied by an attempted description.

"I quite began to fear you were not coming, Miss Smith," she presently exclaimed, when she had filled her eyes. "You drove it quite to the last moment."

"I had a great difficulty to persuade her, I can assure you, old Game—a—Miss Camoy," chimed in Lollie, beginning to feel deliciously exhilarated, for she entertained already a suspicion that the noted naval officer on the bridge regarded her with silent and approving approbation.

"Yes," subjoined Mr. Fissell, looking all eyes at Lydia, and feeling utterly oppressed and confounded by her remarkable attractions.

"I never were more upset in my life. I have been watching for you over and above twenty minutes or so, and it seemed to me to be a 'dear'—quite a 'dear'—I am, however, most delighted you have come at last, and looking so blooming—a rose-tree in full bearing—lovely, blooming, fresh, an' gay. Really, Miss Smith, you do look the Queen of the Work—"

"Leave the ship to me, day, at least," Mr. Fissell interrupted Miss Camoy, in a snappish, varied tone.

She had designed matrimonial on Fissell, and she did not approve of any exclamation, she might exhibit to one of the young ladies, who, notwithstanding her attractions, and the fever she had held an inferior position to herself in "the establishment,"

and therefore should occupy a similar place in his estimation.

He laughed affectionately at the snub, though he reddened.

"Just so," he responded, a little distraught; "quite so. I was going to say Queen of-to-day, Queen of Beauty. I am in raptures to think it is my special duty to pay you every attention, Miss Smith, according to borders from headquarters—to my play-sure too, I am instructed to see that you have everything 'art' can open for or tongue desire."

"Isn't Mr. Athol here?" asked Lollie, abruptly, looking along the deck of the vessel with a kind of dismay, where the girls were all again clustered together in groups, talking, but in more subdued strains, for their spirits seemed to have received a sudden damp.

It appeared that there was a numerous party of young men on board, who were "flashed" of white waistcoats, and displayed their throats in neckties of bright Mexican blue, aniline green, dazzling crimson, gaudy Spanish brown, and other hues. Their hair was brushed, parted natively, shone like polished furniture, and was not a lock of hair out of place. They were sprightly, and full of bows to the fair, and turned out their toes as they walked the deck like dancing-masters.

When they first came thronging on board in clusters, our young maidens of the sewing-machine room at once determined that these were the anticipated guests from the necktie and glove department in "our house;" but, alas! a bevy of fair damsels in maidens, "blue, red, and gray," flaunting with ribbons like yachts dressed in flags, also came hurrying on board at the last moment, and fraternized, without an instant's loss of time, with these coveted young men, laughing with them and talking with them on the most familiar terms, so that prompt inquiries were made, resulting in the discomfiting announcement that these parties represented a "society" out for a day's holiday, and they were booked to the steamer for the night, and the steamship should be "dragged" to the boat.

Consequently, she hailed a crawling cabman, and in a few minutes, with her smiling eyes, her pretty, laughing face, and cooing tongue, she persuaded him to "run Lydia and herself down" close to the place for embarkation for "next to nothing," which meant that she was to be conveyed to the boat by a very young man, and that she was to be conveyed to her destination for a trifle over the legal fare.

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an air with far more taste and feeling than might have been expected of one of his military rank. Its effect on Mr. Fissell was at once overpowering. He shut his eyes, placed his right palm on the left breast, wadded-pocket, and made signs as if he were pumping forth melodious notes, which, however, were so impassioned as to defy articulation.

As the air concluded and the hand took up the refrain, in which it was assisted by several of the young gentlemen who had dashed the hopes of the young damsels of Mr. Fissell's party, the latter gentlemen, opening one eye, addressed Lydia in a more familiar strain than he had yet done, for the music had sent his spirits bounding upward.

"Oh, appropo," he cried, in a gurgling tone. "Only to think they should have struck up the very air that was running through my brain at the moment."

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which should at once guard and guide her in any future with which he might be connected.

And now the band again played lively strains; and a young man, whose throat was garnished with a white necktie, the ends of which seemed to serve for a direction post, pointing to the four quarters of the globe, and whose shining hair, all curls, appeared to have been carved out of a block of polished mahogany, called out, in a slightly affected voice—

"Ladies and gentlemen, take your places for the fast."

Then there was a great deal of scrambling. Miss Camoy, who was fond of dancing, seized hold of Mr. Fissell's arm and dragged him to a spot already occupied by a bottom couple, and a smart-looking young man dashed up to Lollie, looking all eyes, and teeth, and beseechment, formed two sides of a triangle with his body and legs, and said to her—

"Will you do me the pleasure, miss?"

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tone, which he in an instant detected, she replied—

"Your wonder will cease when you hear that the machine is in constant use in most households in America, and that at the school establishment at which it was my good fortune to be placed, useful acquisitions were taught with a similar care to that devoted to the cultivation of mental studies and physical accomplishments."

He bent his head in acknowledgment, and in a lower tone observed—

"I am more than answered, because I am enabled to see united in you the natural gift and the ordinary acquirement. At the same time, Miss Smith, I entirely pardon your rudeness in even alluding on an occasion like this to such a subject. By forgiving me, you shall not find me tripping with my tongue again. Am I forgiven?"

"He raised his eyes to his; there was a sad expression in them, and, partly respectful too. It seemed to imply that it would be difficult to withhold forgiveness of him, and yet that it was cruel in him to have put such a proposition to her."

He felt his blood glow in his veins—an emotion pervaded his frame as he had never experienced before. To his own intense wonder, it would have been, had he detected it, an impulse to offer her, like Mark Antony did Cleopatra, the world, if he could have commanded the gift that moment, leaped into his heart—aye, into his eyes too, for Lydia, unable to bear their intensity, turned her away, and, even restrained a pace or two nearer to the vessel's side.

But as she moved so almost unconsciously he moved too, and their conversation was renewed, although at the outset it took quite another channel.

What mattered it that the subjects treated by them commenced far apart from themselves? Inasmuch as it glided back to them by some natural law, as divided streams from high mountain sources find their way to their common home, the ocean.

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spirit of interference, was ready to check any signs of unrestricted license if it should develop itself.

There was soon a steady tramp to the moon below, much to the wonderment of the "society" who were gathered on board to enjoy their happy day at Rotherham, and Lydia moved as if she would follow in their wake, but Mr. Athol detained her, saying, with his winning smile—also! too winning—

"One moment, if you please, Miss Smith; you must not forget that you are queen to-day. Your subjects must have time to assemble, in order that they may receive you with the honors due to your rank, and to your desire."

"She turned from him with a veiled, distressed expression.

"I will not go!" she exclaimed, with a sudden energy.

"Why?" he asked, with unequivocal surprise.

"Because this manifestation is—unpleasant—painful to me. It reminds me but too forcibly, by its sharp contrast, of what I am," she returned, with a clouded brow, and a curious spirit of impatience.

"Rather of what you ought to be," he rejoined, in a low, soft, expressive tone.

"What, indeed, it is not impossible you may yet be—at least, you have already won your title to reign supreme in the hearts of all who come within the influence of your angelic attractions."

"She turned her eyes upon him with a vivid flash, a crimson glow of resentment sprang into her cheeks. With a contraction of the brow that was not to be misunderstood, and a haughty elevation of her head, she said, with marked emphasis—

"Do you, indeed, think me silly, vain, weak, Mr. Athol?"

He regarded her handsome face, made it possible more beautiful than ever by its proud expression, in silent astonishment. His features underwent a remarkable change, and for an instant he betrayed some embarrassment. It was only for a moment, for all that was starting and noble in his nature at once forced its way to his face, and, suffering his eyelids to fall before her steadfast, questioning gaze, he answered, frankly—

"If any such fancy has tried to occupy a place in my mind, you have effectually dispelled it. Let me, however, assure you not to measure the proceedings of to-day by a hard and fast line of reasoning. You are queen to-day, and I trust you will so far enter into the spirit of this little entertainment as to support the position you have won by merit—if it be only to gratify those around you, who so fervently desire to see you as a queen."

"If they see you with a penance upon your face—your countenance."

He raised his rich-lidded eyes to hers as he uttered the last words, and his look of irresistible admiration made her turn her own from him in turn, and unconsciously a slight sigh escaped from her lips.

She restrained a step or two, murmuring almost inaudible objections, and he advanced nearer to her to combat them, when, somehow, his hand sought and obtained possession of hers.

It was only for a moment, for she withdrew it sharply, and turned her face across the waters to the shore. A feeling of utter despondency seemed to weigh her down; she would have given worlds for the opportunity of permitting a passionate burst of tears to have free way.

She drew reluctantly from him toward the vessel's side, and with a restless, angry impatience ejaculated, with a quivering lip—

"Oh, that I were not the thing I am! Would I had never been born."

A rush of moisture blinded her, and at the moment a soft hand caught hers, and pressed it.

As if she had been stung by a serpent, she uttered a cry, and recoiled with a shudder; but a pleasant, joyous voice whispered in her ear—

"What, moaning still, Queen of Hearts? Never despair! Never despair—dram—never despair!"

It was Lollie who spoke, and in her clear, rich voice warbled the refrain of Mr. Fissell's song. Lydia turned to her with a strange, grateful expression in her eyes.

"I am so glad you have come, Lollie," she whispered, earnestly, "so very glad."

"Why?" asked Lollie, quickly, looking at Lydia's blanched face, and then giving a rapid glance at Mr. Athol's countenance, only to see that it looked pale and serious too.

"What could have happened? Surely Mr. Athol has not said anything disagreeing to her. Lollie could not think his capable of it; but if he had, partner or no partner, lord or no lord, she promptly resolved to give him a piece of her mind."

"Why, Lolly dear, tears!" she whispered.

"Mr. Athol has never—"

Mr. Athol was conscious, "hastily interrupted Lydia, with a hectic flush, and added, quickly, "but if you love me, Lollie, do not couple my name in any way with his. You know how wretched

Mr. Athol stood at the shoulder of Lydia, and said, in those tones which so strongly thrilled her whenever she heard them: "That is the largest and the richest schooner yacht in the club fleet. It belongs to a friend of mine, and, strangely enough, it is called the Queen."

"Ah, Athol, how do you do?" cried an aristocratic voice on board the steamer. "Are you on board by and bye? We shall bring up at Graywood."

"How are you, Lord?" responded Mr. Athol, with a wave of the hand. "Perhaps we may pay the yacht a visit before you start."

By the side of Lord Alton, on board the yacht, stood a gentleman who had the erect bearing of a military man, although clothed in the ordinary walking dress of the day. His face, which was an expressive one, was bronzed, even tanned, by constant exposure to an Indian sun. It had a gloomy cast, as if some great sorrow had not yet departed from a longed-for home in his memory. It was intense, too, and quietly indifferent to what was passing around him, even as if "man delighted not him, and woman neither."

Yet, while Mr. Athol was, with an elevated tone, replying to his friend Lord Alton, as if moved to sadness and unconcern, the trollope impulse the gentleman referred to raised his eyes and fixed them at once on the face of Lydia.

For a second he stood entranced, and then his eyebrows lifted up, his eyes expanded, and his nostrils dilated, as if he had received an electric shock. With intense excitement, he cried aloud:

"It is she!"

The hand striking up suddenly in honor of the yacht, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" drowned his voice, and in a moment more the beautiful vessel had glided into the water, and was soon left far behind.

Caught in the Coils.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"But, Miss Norton, indeed—indeed I love you very dearly. Pray listen to me—dear Edith."

Mr. Edwards, for shame! Loose my hand directly. What will the other passengers say if they see you? How dare you call me by my Christian name, too?"

"Because I am miserable and half mad. How can you torture me so? What is it to me what the passengers say?"

A great deal, ought to be, Mr. Edwards, the half-mocking, half-serious reply. "And as to me torturing you, I don't do anything of the kind. You torture and worry yourself, and make yourself a silly child, crying for the moon."

"But, Miss Norton, pray listen! You know how I love you."

"No, I don't," was the laughing answer. "You know everybody tells me that, because I've got a merry little fresh-colored face—just as if I could help it! I don't want people to love me—only to like me. I don't want silly young men to be sighing, and looking young, and being dismal, I'm tired of it. If that's love, I don't want any of it."

"But, indeed, Edith, if you please, Mr. Edwards, because I am light-hearted and free, I don't allow people to presume upon it. Now, you are the fourth gentleman who has told me, in these two months we have been at sea, that he loves me, and I tell you just the same as I've told the others, that it's all sugar-sandy nonsense, and I don't care for it a bit."

"Who has dared to speak to you like that?"

"Ha, ha, ha! What indignation! What fun! Just as if I'm going to tell you! What would it be to me—a deal? Only think, one in the forenoon, as the sailors call it, and one in the main, with pistols, shouting pop at one another. Oh, no—better still! you could have snatched, and sent and poked at one another, and not be able to reach, so that you could do no mischief."

"Miss Norton, what can I do to prove how dear you are to me?"

"Let me see," she answered, assuming a serious air. "You might kill a griffin, if he was going to run away with me, or you might jump after me the first time I tumble overboard, and poke the sharks' eyes out when they were coming to eat me all up, or, no, I'll tell you, I mean to learn to smoke tiny cigarettes, so if you will get me some very nice tobacco, that won't make me sick and ill, like brother Dick's, and then I shall begin to—Oh, look! look, Mr. Edwards! more fun! They've caught another dolphin! Come and see it die all sorts of colors."

A way tripped Edith, light-hearted and merry as a school-girl, along the deck, leaving John Edwards, of the Bengal, civil service, passenger in the Lord Elton, a quiet, reserved, and rugged of brow, on the quarter-deck, where the above conversation had taken place. He had taken a fancy to the bright fairy of a girl returning to India, after ten years of English education, but only found that she was fixing her hopes upon a light-hearted child, without one serious thought for the future. One moment, he felt jealous, the next, bitterly disappointed, and then a flood of quiet common sense was drawn upon, and he determined to rest and wait, and let the matter go, in a quiet, manly way, to let the great little heart see that his was indeed a sterling, honest love. If in the future she learned its value—well, if, on the contrary, he was still treated in slight, giddy, and childish manner, he felt that he would have had enough from one whose brightness was not that of the true metal, but only the gay, attractive shimmer of so much tinsel.

To decide with John Edwards, was to act, and going forward, he was once more by Edith's side, to find her ready enough to meet him without constraint.

"Oh, it's a beauty, Mr. Edwards," she exclaimed, her peachy little cheeks flushed with excitement. "But it does seem so cruel to catch them."

"And to eat them," said Edwards, dryly. "I always feel that compunction over the sorry, glimmering monster, and wish it was the fat, dull-headed turbot, or even a sole."

"Now, that's wicked!" exclaimed Edith, clapping her hands together with girlish glee. "You are only poking fun at me."

"Well," said Edwards, smiling. "I vow that I saw you helped twice to fish yesterday."

"But then it was so nice!" pleaded Edith. "And had displayed such beautiful colors when it died!" said Edwards.

"There's what a shame to run tilt at one's romance like that!" laughed the maiden. "But look, Mr. Edwards, they're hooking another. Oh, do please, let me hold your hands while I stand up there by the bowsprit and look; I can see so much better."

"Way, I believe, after all," said Edwards, smiling, as he stood by a little from the required position. "I have been making a very great mistake, and fancying you to be a woman grown, when you are only a little girl."

"Oh! Of course I am," was the reply. "But now that is none of your business. How pudent it would be if you were always like this! There—there, they've got another!"

Only look, though, how the poor thing struggles—how it is hooked!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The captain seemed puzzled, and rubbed his ear in a whimsical manner, as he looked over the pretty little appealing face before him.

"Tell you what," he said; "I believe if you were to ask me for my head, I should give it to you."

"I know you'd take me!" cried Edith, merrily, as she caught his arm with both hands, and the next moment, she was seated in the boat, without observing Edith's anxious face, as he took his place close behind her.

"You here?" she said, with a slight start, as the boat was lowered down, towards the water, and was unhooked.

"Yes, why not?" he said, smiling. "I want to see the fish, too."

There was a smile on John Edwards's face, but it was evident that he looked upon an exceedingly wild trick; but he gave more heed to the words of the captain, who was laughing at the willful girl, than there was much likelihood of their coming up with the fish.

"But they're not fish, Captain Berry, are they?" exclaimed Edith.

"No, my dear, but we always call them so. But, I say, Dick, how about the sport?"

"Well, just fast on it, never fear," said Dick, confidentially, as he stood, harpoon in hand, watching where, half a mile ahead, a couple of jets of water showed that a small whale was blowing. Keep quiet, please, and steer as I wave my hands."

The boat's crew gave a growl of assent, and now warming to their work, they made the water foam beneath the light vessel's bow, while every eye was fixed upon the gaudy, sea-monsters ahead, as they rolled over the surface of the water, now showing their heads, their backs, and now and then their flukes, as first one and then another took a dive downward, to come up again elsewhere, spouting the water up in a jet of spray that, at a distance, almost resembled so much white smoke. Even Edwards, in spite of his misgivings, could not help exclaiming a little of the excitement that pervaded his companions, as they now moved right up to where the whales had been playing but a few minutes before.

They were, as has been said, only small specimens of the huge monsters of the deep. Probably not one weighed sixteen tons, but they were not wanting in caution, for the boat seemed to be on a hair's-breadth of the shark's tail, and just as a huge, dark body rose above a wave, he darted the iron instrument, for it to fall half a dozen yards from him in the water, checked by a kink in the line.

He uttered an exclamation of impatience, and stood once more, and stood once more for another trial.

"Better luck this time, Dick," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir, but this comes out in rings as stiff as wire. A good waiting will put it right."

Again silence was called, and the boat, by careful steering, was made to creep cautiously toward where one monster was gambolling.

"Let me stand up to see," whispered Edith, and holding by the hands of two of the young men, she stood up in the boat, and, with a vigorous motion, she darted the harpoon into the back of the slippery monster.

"Starn all!" shouted Dick, and the cars were piled, there was a tremendous lashing of the water, a hissing noise made by the rope, and in an instant, like a spring, out came the monster, and he was seen to be a whale, and the next moment Edith Norris was encircled by the rope, plucked from where she stood, and disappeared over the side.

For a few brief moments every man in the boat sat as if paralyzed—stunned, as it were, by the suddenness of the accident. But, as the monster was seen to be a whale, and the next moment Edith Norris was encircled by the rope, plucked from where she stood, and disappeared over the side.

They needed no incentive, and following the directions pointed out by Dick, the boat was made almost to leap over the waves, till with a hoarse cry, Edwards leaped from the bows, forced himself through the water, and in the next moment had his arm round Edith, just as the wounded monster, who had come up to breathe, was about to dart in a different direction.

For a moment the line was slackened, and in that moment John Edwards had a life of agony as he dragged at the coil which was over the poor girl's shoulders, holding her arms to her sides. Could he free her, or must they be dragged down together to death? He never for a moment thought of leaving her.

One tug at the line, but there was ring after ring tightening with the wet, and it was, in the confusion, half-strangled as he was by the water, apparently immovable. There was no time to get out a knife. He could not loosen the rings. Yes, he could; one was passed over his head, but there was another and another. He had one more loose, though, and if he could but pass it, and the next, she would be free.

But could he do it before it was once more tightened?

How rapid was the thought, but how slow the motion of his hands! Life, death—life, death—what was it to be?

Another ring passed over his head, but this last link was dreadful; there was a perfect knot, and he was nearly helpless; while now, "Heaven be our help!" gasped the captain, as he saw the monster's coils, which bound his hands to her inanimate form. They were both entangled in the rope, and he felt that they were being dragged rapidly through the water.

It was to be death, then—death with her—youth, bright, and snatched away in an instant, for there was a fierce drag, they were, he knew, beyond help, and immobility was coming fast, when there was another fierce snatch—the rapid motion ceased—and the black darkness where they were seemed to change to twilight—light—sunshine! They were at the surface, and, with one hand at liberty, he battled with the water, but only feebly, as he gasped for breath amidst the struggling foam. Where was the boat? Was that the sound of oars? A shout—or was it only the singing and thundering of the water in his ears? He could not tell, for there was the dark-

ness—the strangling coming again, as they sank, and a strange feeling of numbness was stealing over him, to chain his limbs. Another effort, though, for life—a few vigorous strokes with that one arm—and they were again afloat. There was a touch, as of cold iron to his flesh—a drag—and the next moment they were pulled, bound together as they were, over the boat's side; for in that last fierce tug given by the fish, the harpoon had been loosened, and the rope, with it attached, was now slowly dragged over the bows.

"Give way, my lads," cried the captain, and the boat seemed to fly, for they were a good mile from the ship. The effort made was forgotten, and every effort made to restore respiration to the sufferer, with the effect, before long, of making Edwards nod his eyes, gaze about for a few moments in a bewildered fashion, and then eagerly turn to where—cold, pale and motionless—poor little Edith lay, supported in Captain Berry's arms.

"I'd thought her lost at my ship," said Edwards, that I would!" he exclaimed. "God bless the poor child! who would ever have thought of such an end as this to our trip? How are we to face her aunt?"

Edwards made no reply in words, but he took the first step toward Edith's recovery by endeavoring to restore respiration to the sufferer, with the effect, before long, of making Edwards nod his eyes, gaze about for a few moments in a bewildered fashion, and then eagerly turn to where—cold, pale and motionless—poor little Edith lay, supported in Captain Berry's arms.

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tears stole from her eyelids, half-closed as they were, but there was a smile upon her lip the while.

"You can believe me now, then?" he whispered, at length.

"Believe?" she said reproachfully. "I believed you then; but it was something that I could hardly realize."

"And are you happy, then, my child?" he asked.

"Not a child now," she said, with something of her old gay smile, though softened and subdued; and a thrill of joy shot through the breast of John Edwards, for he knew that it was a true and loving woman that he pressed to his heart.

For the change had come, and quickly, too. A few short hours had turned the light and merry girl into a quiet, subdued woman—a character from which returning health made no deduction. There were those on board who looked upon it as an evanescent; but they were wrong; and when, after a prosperous voyage, disembarkation followed, there was a hearty cheer given as John Edwards led Edith ashore—a cheer led by the sturdy captain himself, and echoed again and again by many a young officer and cadet, though it were hard to say that there were none present who did not envy John Edwards his affianced bride.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

I heard it from Madame Croysaux's own lips. It was not a thrilling story, and yet I was thrilled as I stood at my post behind the poor, sickly Miss Edith's sofa and listened.

Miss Edith's brother, a handsome, child-like, widower master, Granville Norton, of Norton Hall—affected princely style in those days, and this Madame Croysaux was one of his many guests. Though a stranger, no one asked of her antecedents, for the Denham had introduced her at Norton Hall as his friend and guest, and that was a passport.

Once introduced, she was the center of all eyes, and her brilliant, blonde-haired beauty and majestic presence. And how beautiful she was! how incomparably charming and majestic! how graceful! how enchanting in every way! And how the men worshipped her! And how the women, too—elegant, courtly, gifted men—some of the finest, superficial youths we see now-a-days. They all worshipped her; but Mr. Norton became her bondman at once, and I, by some inexplicable fascination I was powerless to resist, the keen and constant observer of every way.

And how the men worshipped her! And how the women, too—elegant, courtly, gifted men—some of the finest, superficial youths we see now-a-days. They all worshipped her; but Mr. Norton became her bondman at once, and I, by some inexplicable fascination I was powerless to resist, the keen and constant observer of every way.

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May 3, 1873.

acquire," she again smiled in her mad-dancing way.

"Is that your belief? See!"

And with a low whirl a little ornamental

panel shot back under the pressure of his

finger, disclosing two or three divisions of

various stars. In one of these lay what ap-

peared to be a folded piece of parchment.

As it caught Madame's eye, a gleam of

triumph lit her face. Nor was Mr.

Norton wholly undisturbed. He started,

and his handsome features expressed both

surprise and annoyance. But Madame

spoke, and under the glamour of her

presence she alone was remembered.

"Ah! How did you do it?" she asked

with just the proper degree of interest.

And she leaned forward in such a way as

to sweep his cheek with her lovely yellow

hair and fragrant breath. He murmured

some fond, familiar words, and taking

the beautiful hand, just kissed, pressed her

fingers against the concealed spring.

"I waited no longer. Returning to

Miss Ethel, I very truthfully reported that

Mr. Norton was too much engaged to attend

to me.

Just at this time there were few guests at

Norton Hall, the gap made by a number

who had left two or three days previous not

having yet been filled by those expected.

Consequently when on the following morn-

ing Madame Croyaux broke a positive en-

gagement to ride with the others, she was

the only guest in the house.

The fact occasioned no secret inquietude,

and suspicious of every movement, I de-

termined to redouble the strict watch I had

kept upon her for some days. Fortunately

for my plan, Miss Ethel dismissed me at

an early hour, saying she wished to remain

quietly in her room till evening, and would

ring when my services were required.

Confident that Madame Croyaux was

maneuvering and for a purpose, I at once

directed my steps to the library, believing

that the purpose would lead her there, if it

had not already done so. To my relief I

found it tenanted, and hastily concealing

myself among the folds of the curtains

heavily draping the great bay window, I

waited.

But minute after minute passed till an

hour had gone; and I was anxiously medi-

tating an unobtrusive search for Madame

when the door opened, and she entered.

Not, however, as I expected, alone. To

my unbounded amazement Mr. Norton was

beside her, though I had seen him ride

from the door with the others. His first

words, uttered as the door closed behind

them, explained the mystery.

"You begged me to invent an excuse

and come back, and I did so, you see."

Madame made no reply as they crossed

the floor, unless her bewitching smile

shaped one, and I was about to leave my

hiding-place, and the room, when she again

spoke, and I was again through my deli-

cacy to my seat.

"Love brought me, and love keeps me,

as you well know. Will you give love for

love? Will you come?"

And he passed before her and extended

his arm in a fond, tremulous entreaty that

might have softened Madame as she stood

there, if it had not been for the stern

convulsively over the delicate web of a

handkerchief, and the elegant vinaigrette

partially concealed in its folds, her head

drooping lower and lower every moment.

Evidently Mr. Norton considered the sit-

uation and emotion favorable to himself. He

drew a step nearer. Placing a hand under

the declined chair, he murmured in quick,

impassioned accents—

"My queen! my love! my life! Look

up, and bid me live! With gentle force

he raised the drooping head, and though

the silken eyelashes persistently veiled the

eyes, he sought to meet, a soft, assenting

smile returned a beautiful and eloquent re-

ply. Enchanted, he caught her to his heart.

Madame Croyaux's face was an un-

pleasant enigma to me when she directly

lifted it from its resting place. Gazing

into her eyes she tenderly raised her hands

to his face, and while pressing against one

heard cheek the lace web enfolding the

vinaigrette, lovingly stroked the other with

the soft pink lips beautiful enough for a

king to have honored. For a little he

touch, and the delicate fingers in her

eyes, seem to hold him in a delicious trance.

Presently he panted in dreamy tones—

"My love—the world lies—I grow faint

—under the ecstatic bliss of this moment."

And he leaned insistently against her.

I caught only the infinitely tender ac-

cent of her murmured reply. But when

sunk with a sigh into the easy chair to

which she supported him, I heard her say

as she lifted the vinaigrette—

"This will relieve you."

And perhaps it did; for when she direct-

ly asked in her soft, sweet tones, "Are you

better?" there was no reply.

Perhaps he smiled thoughtfully. His head

was turned from me, and I could not see. But

I presently saw her smile, and a strange

one it was. And a minute after I saw her

lose handkerchief and vinaigrette on a table

near, and slip her fair hand into his vest

pocket, and withdraw a key which I knew

well.

There was no smile on her face then;

but an expression of Satanic triumph far

worse. With a last keenly scrutinizing

glance at him, she hastily approached the

entrance.

For a time the lock refused to yield to

the impulse of her shaking hand. But it

did at length; in another minute the panel

shot back. The paper or parchment was

still there. She seized it eagerly.

"Mad fool!" she laughed contemptu-

ously. "He kept it for me in spite of my

fear! Yet I am none too soon. He evidently

day-to-day remember to do what was wisely

put off, and so forgotten till yesterday.

The surprise and annoyance in his face told

plainly enough he thought he had destroyed

it long ago. Ha! ha! If he had known it

would be so, he would have been a great

fool! Ha! ha! ha!"

The low, derisive laughter was silenced

by a deep sigh from Mr. Norton. Starting

violently, she turned and flashed an uneasy

glance at him.

"Too little!" she muttered, refolding her

stolen treasure. "Too little by far! I was

afraid of giving too much. I must be

quick."

And she restored the panel to its place,

and closed and looked the scintilla with

lightning swiftness.

Up to this moment I had watched in

breathless silence. But when she resumed

her seat, and a movement that indi-

cated an intention to secrete the paper in

her bosom, I darted from my hiding-place.

Grasping her arm, I attempted to seize it,

or, in quick, excited tones—

"Stop! Give it up! It belongs to my

master; you can't have it!"

Though her face turned ghastly white,

her air was that of a queen. Haughtily

shaking off my grasp she pushed me aside.

"Back, fool! back!" she commanded, and

in deep tones, a supreme scorn flashing

from her eyes and ringing through her voice.

"I will not! You shall give me that pa-

per! It is none of yours!" I answered, ve-

hemently, as I again attempted to snatch it

from her hand.

"Alas!"

The stern, though feeble voice sealing

her lips for a minute was Mr. Norton's.

Quickly turning in the folds of her

dress lest she should escape, I turned to

him with the eager protest:

"See! see! Mr. Norton, she has your

secretive key in her hand, and that paper

she took from behind the secret panel! I

saw her take it!" pointing to what she was

now holding so closely as firmly.

Evidently he comprehended the whole in

an instant. He groaned, and made an in-

effectual attempt to rise. Madame observed

it, a cold smile touching her lips. Turning

imperiously to me, she struck my hand

sharply with the document.

"Loose my dress, fool, and bring him

water."

Controlled by her lofty mien and superior

will, I crossed the room and did her bid-

ding. Not, however, till I had locked the

door and placed the key in my bosom. It

pleased her to ignore that cautious act.

"Place it to his lips and let him drink,"

she imperiously commanded, and as I with-

drew the goblet, there is his handker-

chief, dip it into the water and bathe his

face and hands. That will do," she pres-

ently said in the same imperious tone. "A

few minutes will entirely restore him."

And thrusting the paper within her bosom,

she silently chafed back and forth before

him till arrested by my voice.

"What does it all mean?" he asked, with

forced composure, as he rose and approach-

ed her.

She turned upon him like a tigress; every

look and movement instinct with scorn,

haired, and proud triumph.

I uttered a low cry of terror. It drew

her attention, and she asked, with

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